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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1913.

A CENSOR FOR LIGHT.

The Council Ordinance Committee seems to have muddled the question of regulating the amount of light needed in moving-picture theatres for good public morals. The ordinance proposed provides that there shall be enough light to enable every person present to see every other person in his line of vision, and what that person is doing. The City Electrician is to be censor of how much light will achieve this end.

It is a queer thing to make the electrical expert of the community an indirect censor of its morals. He is not trained for that job, and, we doubt not, he does not want it. His action will probably in nowise get at what the ordinance desires. He will treat the matter technically, permit the shows to use the amount of light he, or they, say is necessary for the right projection of pictures, and be satisfied. Whether this light is enough to prevent flirtations and other evils will not be settled. The original idea of making the Police Department the censor was certainly more logical in the premises. With the aid of the city probation officers, or of a woman police officer if possible, the chief might help matters a bit.

In fact, can you reach the evils in point by regulating the light? A certain dimness is needed if we are to have pictures. Any censor will have to allow that much or close the shows. Moreover, the maximum light will probably not expose or check the trouble. The ordinance seems likely to prove futile, and we suggest that some saner way of correcting what evils really exist should be framed by the Council.

"THE POOR MAN'S FRUIT."

Many ordinary folks have learned something of the new tariff bill simply because of the threatened tax on the banana—the poor man's fruit. The idea of a duty of 1 mill per pound on this daily luxury has made plain tariff intricacies that had been left clouded by news of Schedule K. The net result of popular demand through President Wilson's sane humanity will be free bananas.

The poor man's fruit is a text for other things than tariff lessons. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch asks pertinently why the banana should be shipped long distances from foreign lands to become the poor man's fruit when this country is the greatest producer of fruits under the sun. It says:

> If, in a land where apples, peaches, plums, pears and a dozen other fruits can be produced more cheaply than anywhere else in the world, and over a wider range, and are in fact produced in such abundance that every year vast quantities of them rot on the ground, the poor man must look abroad for a cheap fruit, is not that fact an indictment of the intelligence of the American people?

The answer, it thinks, is in the parcel post at low rates, and the building up of co-operative distribution systems and public markets to serve the consumer and cut down the heavy middleman's profit.

Virginia might well ask, why isn't the apple the poor man's fruit? It used to be the mainstay of such foods both for rural and urban America. It is native; the banana, an exotic. It is true that some years our apple crop is sold for very low prices, yet by the time delivery charges are paid, the price to the poor man has become too great for the encouragement of daily apple-eating and cooking. We can raise enough apples to supply a vast demand, and we can sell them at a reasonable price, but we cannot guarantee that they will be cheap to the average family. That problem must be solved by the government and the cities.

Finally, no one seems to ask why the banana is so cheap. Here is the economic meat of the question. How can we import bananas so cheaply after paying haulage? One element is the efficient distribution system worked out by the trust. Banana fleets and banana cars and terminal delivery, all cut the price down. Then, too, they come from regions where soil and climate are intensely productive without costly cultivation. Our crowded acres cannot compete.

The ultimate fact is, bananas are raised by cheap labor. We profit by tropical low wages. There is food for much thought, both economic and humane, in this aspect of the banana debate.

Doubtless Wake Forest College, North Carolina, is proud of the fact that it was the first college to bestow an honorary degree upon Woodrow Wilson. "Wake" so honored him with an LL. D. in 1887, eleven years before any other like institution followed suit.

A New Orleans paper recently printed an editorial entitled "For Women Only," which no doubt fulfilled its purpose when all the men read it.

An eccentric local sport created a tremendous sensation the other night when he went into one of the most expensive cafes in New York and ordered first two bottles of champagne and then a plate of "hot dogs," obtaining the last-named delicacy only after a long struggle.

RICHMOND'S MONUMENTS.

If we were disposed to faultfinding we might more fully point out to the Columbia State, which, in an article elsewhere appearing this morning, criticizes our monuments, that it is better to have monuments of any kind than to have none at all. In the historic capital of South Carolina there is but one monument of the heroic type, that of Wade Hampton, yet the Palmetto State has mothered many men who deserve enduring memorials there of the noblest sort. Even the splendid Haskells, whose names are among the most glorious in the roster of the Army of Northern Virginia, are unremembered in bronze or marble in the city that knew them best.

No other of Richmond's monuments approaches that of General Lee in its appropriateness and its majesty. It is the noblest of our memorials, and perhaps will remain so. Its simplicity we shall hereafter do well to imitate. Its proportion will doubtless be duplicated in the equestrian statue of General Jackson. The Stuart Monument is not what it might have been by any means, but it is far better than the Andrew Jackson statue in Washington.

The equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson in Richmond will be all that the hypercritical could desire, if only enough funds for its creation can be secured. Response in the South to the call for financial assistance for this purpose has fallen far short of what was expected. Public interest in the movement has not attained that pitch which the project deserves. This we do not understand. The only good presentment of the great Confederate captain of infantry that exists is in West Virginia. In the Old Dominion we have only the unimpressive statue of him in the Capitol grounds erected by his English admirers and a replica of the West Virginia monument at the Virginia Military Institute. In what was the capital of the short-lived nation that embodied the South's mighty hope there should be a heroic bronze of Lee's greatest lieutenant in size and design similar to that of the captain of captains himself.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

Many learned from yesterday's The Times-Dispatch for the first time that Woodrow Wilson once practiced law when they read that the President had waived the civil service regulations in order that Mrs. Annie S. Rennick, daughter-in-law of his former law partner in Atlanta, Ga., might be appointed to a position in the State Department which she sorely needs.

Woodrow Wilson left the law school at the University of Virginia in 1880, and in 1882-83 practiced law in Atlanta. There he formed his partnership with Rennick, but neither secured much practice. Wilson's were the short and pathetic annals of the briefless barrister. He had no influential connections and he was unknown, a young man of retiring disposition who was not a "good mixer." Consequently, most of his calls were from the rent collector, and most of his mail from law publishing firms. He quit law.

In the legal profession Atlanta has been reputed to have no few shyster lawyers, to whom professional ethics is a sealed book. It is said that a former Atlanta lawyer of wide note, by his unprofessional practices, did more than any other man has ever done toward undermining in the South a nice regard for the code of honor of the bar. Perhaps this condition existed when young Wilson hung out his shingle in the Georgia metropolis.

There are thousands of young lawyers to-day who are in a situation precisely identical with that of young Wilson. They are living on hopes and notes. They are expecting the client who never comes.

Some of these fellows ought never to have studied law in the first place, because they are not fitted for its practice. If the principles of vocational training could be applied generally, we should not have so many lawyers. So many youths enter law because they can think of nothing better to do.

Wogdrow Wilson found that he was not cut out to be a lawyer. What did he do? Stay on, hoping and struggling? Not a bit of it. He concluded that he could make a first-rate college professor of history out of himself, and he did. If he had been filled with false pride, and had been afraid of what people would say about him if he made a new start, he might have been an obscure Atlanta lawyer to-day.

In consideration of the fact that North Carolina is bothered over the fee system, this comment from the Raleigh News and Observer, owned by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, is of interest in the Old Dominion:

> "A Blackstone correspondent of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, himself a county treasurer, heartily indorses the fight that our Richmond contemporary is making on the fee system. Speaking from the point of view of one on the inside, this correspondent says that if the public knew one-half what he does about the fee system, not a tenth of them would vote to sustain the system. Those who really know what the fee system is and have observed its workings are generally in favor of its abolition, but it is a little singular, while at the same time very agreeable, to see one who benefits from the system advising that it be done away with."

The Virginia county treasurer referred to is George P. Adams, of Nottoway.

Senator La Follette did the best thing he ever did when he refrained from delivering that seven-day speech on the tariff.

Why not give the Nobel peace prize to the physician who convinced Ma Pankhurst that she needed a rest?

"Do the heads of families vote in Virginia?" inquires a Harvard student. No, Virginia has not yet adopted woman's suffrage.

THAT WYTHE BIOGRAPHY.

A number of excellent sources for the future biographer of George Wythe, who, with the possible exception of Marshall, was the greatest lawyer Virginia has produced, are enumerated by J. H. Whitty, in a communication which we print this morning. If the Wythe papers, which were once in the custody of the Virginia Historical Society, are in existence, The Times-Dispatch earnestly hopes that their possessor will make the fact known, inasmuch as Prof. D. R. Anderson, of the department of history in Richmond College, contemplates a biography of Wythe if enough material can be collected. We called attention some time ago to the great need for this biography. If there is other manuscript material about Virginia's greatest chancellor, it should be placed at the disposal of Prof. Anderson. Among recent contributions on the subject is an excellent brief sketch of Wythe in Vol. III. of the "John P. Branch Historical Papers of Randolph-Macon College," the work of L. S. Herrink.

No history of Wythe and his career can be complete unless it embodies careful estimate of his formative influence upon American jurisprudence. Some trained legal scholar, either as the assistant of the biographer or as an independent investigator, must examine all the decisions extant of this great judge and determine what influence they played in shaping subsequent important court decisions on constitutional questions. By an inquiry would be learned what traces of Wythe's influence over his famous law pupil, John Marshall, are discernible in the decisions of the latter. To our way of thinking, Wythe was the first expounder of the broad principle of nationalism in American constitutional law. If he was, a thorough study of him is of the first importance.

Jefferson, who was his law pupil, called him "the Cato of his country," and admired him intensely. Henry Clay began his law studies in Wythe's office in Richmond. Other eminent statesmen came under the influence of the intellect of this remarkable jurist. How far did Wythe's mind direct theirs in later years? There is here a fertile field for a most interesting and valuable historical legal study which has lain almost untouched for more than a century. What a grievous loss there was when Jefferson failed to write his contemplated biography of his law preceptor!

CAN COLLEGE MEN TALK?

That question is foolish if we mean, can a college man spread a torrent of slang and commonplace expression over the few ideas he possesses? He can, and does, in and out of season. What is implied is that the "talk" shall be that finer and rarer thing, conversation. Judge Robert Grant, a writer of distinction, and one of the Harvard board of overseers, thinks that the university graduate in America is a poor conversationalist. He declares that in the accurate and forceful expression of his ideas, or the colorful and interesting expression of his personality, the American is sadly behind those educated in other English countries.

To help this slovenly habit, Judge Grant has asked the Harvard corporation to change its entrance credits so that the man whose oral and written work is carefully expressed shall get half a unit, while the man who fails in this shall lose the same amount.

Any one familiar with the careless English used in class recitations, oral translations, or in written papers, will welcome this attempt to emphasize the value of good English. In a time when civilization can almost be characterized by the word "social," surely the means of communication are of increasing importance. There is much to be written and much to be said. We need men trained to express themselves.

In English universities due recognition is given to the importance of talk. The gentleman's degree that can be secured with no very great effort at the great schools is based on the idea that by some years of residence with other students and in close company with men of culture and learning, the undergraduate picks up the social graces as well as some information from books. The system produces men trained in platform talk by the debating societies, and in charming casual conversation by the polish of friction with other talkers.

Our undergraduate life does not aim at making talkers. It turns out doers, and that is profoundly important. Life is not, however, all action. Its finest fruit is friendly intercourse with wise and witty men. In this light, one who listens to the chatter and trivial arguments of the campus might well agree with Judge Grant that a chair of polite conversation would not be amiss in our intellectual centres.

The Farmville correspondent of the Appomattox Times-Virginian says:

> "Normal girls walk the streets again, shop early, brighten home life and give new charm to circles not only educational, but social and religious as well. Great is the Normal! And all Farmville joins in the refrain."

Also all Hampden-Sidney College.

The new postal cards, with the head of Thomas Jefferson, will be printed in pale green ink. If that combination doesn't win the Irish, we give it up.

Those who saw the Thaw motion pictures on exhibition here came away with the impression that he spends most of his time chewing the cud.

"John A. Looney, candidate for the Legislature, is attending the Tazewell fair this week, and mixing with the dear voters," says the Sandy Valley News.' Doubtless the "dear voters" know who's Looney now.

An Egyptologist declares that he has unearthed the oldest ass in the world, but why dig up the corpse when the greatest are still alive?

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

The Changing Times.

Old Grandma Perkins, she sez, sez she,
This world ain't like what it used to be.
When I was a gal, long, long ago,
The wimmen was prim and would not go
Downtown each day in a skin-tight skirt,
They didn't trifle and they didn't flirt.
They stayed to hum right by the fire;
Of their own men folks they didn't tire.
They didn't go gaddin' round here and there
With a lot of punk rats stuck in their hair.
They sewed on buttons and they darned the socks,
And they knowed the croup from the chickenpox.
They knew how to flop the buckwheat cakes,
They didn't make their folks eat "Frazzled Flakes."
They did their own washin', ironin', too,
Which the wimmen folks nowadays cannot do.

They didn't tog out like a jewelry store,
And wear them bangles and beads galore,
And every mornin', night and noon,
They wasn't lit up like a corner saloon.
They didn't ride round in limousines
Or big seven-passenger gas machines,
And when they wanted to put on style
They'd ride in a livery rig once in a while.
But still I am somehow bound to say,
They were like the wimmen nowadays one way.
One little stunt they would never balk,
There wasn't a time when they couldn't talk.
I guess from the days of Adam and Eve,
At least so we are led to believe,
There never was a woman, old or young,
Who didn't have the full use of her tongue.

The Busy Neighbor.

Have you ever noticed what a busy and capable man your neighbor is? Perhaps you have never noticed it yourself, but if you haven't, your wife has probably told you about it, which is all the same. When you go home to meals you hear about this busy neighbor. You hear about him three times a day, something like this:

"Mr. Jones is such a capable man. Do you know, he built his own storm-house this year and put in his own storm-windows? Why don't you ever do anything like that?"

"Mr. Jones was out and had his snow all shoveled off at 5 o'clock this morning."

"Mr. Jones is making some repairs on his furnace. He must save a lot of money that way."

"Mr. Jones raised his own chickens last year, and they had all the chickens and eggs they could eat. He is going to do the same this year."

"Mr. Jones fixed three leaks in their cellar pipes last evening all by himself, and he repaired Mrs. Jones's carpet sweeper this morning before breakfast."

"Mr. Jones is going to build his own garage in the spring. He drew the plans himself, and it is going to be perfectly lovely. I wish you could find time to do things like that."

When you get tired of hearing about the money-saving activities of Mr. Jones you move into a new neighborhood and get next door to Mr. Smith, who is about three times as capable as Mr. Jones was. There is apparently no place in this world where a lazy man like yourself can find peace.

According to Uncle Abner.

I have found that the severest critics of art are the fellers who can't paint, and that goes for everything else, as well.

It is always a good plan to learn penmanship. A feller who is a good penman can always make a living writing calling cards. I never saw a rich man who could write his name so you could read it.

Lem Higgins got into a poker game down to the city the other night and he says he'll be durned if he doesn't believe the game was crooked and they was trying to put up a job on him. One and there was a feller who held three aces and a pair of queens and another feller who held three aces and a pair of tens. But Lem beat 'em to it, for he had four aces with him from home and had 'em in his boot leg all the time.

Voice of the People

Errors in Historical Fact.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Some time ago I noticed a letter from H. D. Henderson to you, and read your reply to him.

I merely wish to ask if he has accepted your challenge to produce further errors of yours, and if so, in which number of your paper your reply came out. As a constant reader of your paper I have been unable to find it.

By the by, I think you made an error in stating that he had misspelt Graham, as relating to Claverhouse. If you will read Sir Walter Scott ("Tales of a Grandfather") you will find he never adds an "e" when referring to the viscount. You mentioned without the "e" is correct, for the Grahams of Montrose (sic). As they were of the same family (see footnote page 261, Black's Edinburgh edition, 1885; also Sir John Dalrymple's Life, Vol. 1, page 283), you will find Mr. Henderson's spelling was correct and yours was wrong. Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

South Boston, Va.

Sources for the Wythe Biography.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Referring to your recent editorial comments regarding a biography of Chancellor George Wythe. No doubt Dr. Anderson is more familiar with this subject than myself, and knows that all the Wythe papers were at one time with the Virginia Historical Society. Their present whereabouts seems unknown. Perhaps some distant relative of Wythe's has them, or they may be among the papers of the late George Wythe Munford, who had an idea of a more extended notice of the chancellor than he gives in his "Two Parsons." Charles Campbell, the Virginia historian, and Hugh Blair Grigsby, both had access to the papers. They give good sketches of Wythe; the former in his "History of Virginia," and the latter in the "Virginia Convention of 1776." Other matters towards a biography can be found in Sanderson's "Biography of the Signers," Jefferson's letter to Sanderson, Jefferson's "Memoirs," Clay's letter to Minor in Wythe's New Reports, and Virginia Historical Register, Vol. 5; Munford's funeral oration in Richmond Enquirer, June 13 and 17, 1806; Wirt's "Life of Henry"; Call's Reports, Vol. 4; Journals of the House of Burgesses; of Congress for 1775-76, of the Conventions and of the House of Delegates.

Among the Charles Campbell papers in my possession is a part of an old encyclopedia, at one time in the possession of R. I. Pegram, with a sketch of Wythe of about 2,500 words. This is at the service of Dr. Anderson or any one interested in the subject.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond.

Ridiculing Heroes for Posterity

If an equestrian statue of Jackson is to be erected in Richmond, the greatest care should be exercised in the selection of the sculptor who is to do the work. Not only Richmond, but Washington, New York and smaller cities innumerable mix patriotism with grotesqueries in the memorials of great men. "Statuary Hall" in the national Capitol is such a disgrace that we have the younger Ingalls protesting vainly against the holding of his father's memory in ridicule by placing him in that chamber of ill-assorted horrors. Richmond has some lulus in the way of statues and monuments. The famous equestrian of Washington is a bad copy of a statue of Peter the Great. We think it is; at any rate, nothing could be more un-American. And on Monument Avenue, the beauty which is lent it by the noble Jefferson Davis Monument and the calm poise and marching movement of Lee on Traveler, is mocked by the Stuart statue, in which the man who "saved this city from capture," as the inscription truly has it, is represented sitting on a dray horse metamorphosed for the occasion into a steed of battle, with the exception that, on its low pedestal, it is crouched as though Bucephalus were emulating a cat getting ready to spring on a sparrow! Not so many years ago a poverty-stricken South could afford to excuse a lack of taste and plenitude of pathos on the ground of an overplus of sentiment. The South is now rich enough to think something of the feelings of coming generations that shall know something of art as well as virtue. Somewhere the sculptor is waiting who is able to "do" Stonewall Jackson in similitude of his person, his spirit and his significance. Until that man is found, it were better that the statue wait.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Abe Martin

What's become o' th' tall, pale feller that wore a tight fittin' cutaway frock an' taught penmanship in K. of P. hall Tuesday and Friday nights? Opportunity only knocks once, but th' wolf is liable t' drop around any ole time.

Queries and Answers

Grapes for Henrico.

Can you tell me what grapes are likely to do best in Henrico County?

R. J. BAILEY.

So far as we know, no better selection may be made than that recommended long ago by the distinguished old grape-grower here, William Jones. His list was Concord, Delaware, Catawba, Ives, Hartford, Black Hamburgh, Herbemont.

Teackle Wallis.

Where may I get the collected writings of S. Teackle Wallis?

T. L. P.

Your bookseller can get the books for you. Mr. Wallis's addresses and "Historical Essays" are, unfortunately, little-known here.

Jewish Suffragettes.

Do you know of any Jewish women of prominence who are declared suffragettes?

E. N. D.

No.

PICTORIAL SERMONETTE.

On the Questionable Taste of Biting the Hand that Feeds.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: 1913: By John T. McCutcheon.]

Mrs. Bizzy: "Dear me! A dinner invitation from Mrs. Packerton; I detest that woman, but she has such interesting people at her house that I'm always crazy to go there."

Mrs. Bizzy: "I wonder what Mrs. Packerton is saying; she's so dreadfully common."

Mrs. Bizzy (to her neighbor on the left): "Did you ever in your life see such wretched taste and vulgarity as Mrs. Packerton always exhibits? I wonder that people ever come to her house." (To the waiter) "Yes; some more bread, please."

Mrs. Bizzy (to Mrs. Packerton): "My dear Mrs. Packerton, I've had just the loveliest time this evening. So good of you to ask me. I enjoyed the dinner so much. Good night, dear."

News of Petersburg

Times-Dispatch Bureau,
5 Bollingbrook Street,
(Telephone 1485).
Petersburg, Va., September 21.

Under the ordinance authorizing the recent issue of $300,000 bonds of the city for public improvements, the sum of $52,000 was set aside for the construction of a bridge across the Appomattox to take the place of the present Bishop Bridge, built several years ago by the government in carrying out the plan of the diversion scheme. It is understood that the new bridge is to be of concrete and steel and permanent in character. It's site is not yet definitely settled, this matter being in the hands of a committee. There is some difference of opinion as to the site, some favoring one location and some another, and some even advocating and expensive viaduct crossing the railroad tracks to the city overhead. The bridge is to connect Petersburg with Chesterfield County, and in point of traffic and travel will be a very important one. The probability is that it will be built near the side of the present structure, with terminals at practically the same points. The changes proposed would involve a much greater cost than that contemplated in the ordinance.

Farmers' Union Organized.

State Organizer H. J. Barnett, of Chesterfield, yesterday instituted a farmers' union at Waverly, with forty-four members. The following officers were elected: president, G. M. Inman; vice-president, Fred Bullock; secretary, L. B. Carpenter; chaplain, J. J. Fulton; doorkeeper, T. E. Griffith; conductor, C. C. Pryor. The promise is that in a short time the membership will be doubled. There is a spirit among the farmers everywhere in favor of co-operation.

Raising Bright Tobacco.

Bright tobacco was raised in the adjoining Southside counties on a much larger scale this year than ever before, and Petersburg, which, in future, is to be a market for the bright grades, will benefit by it. The fine prices realized here during the past few days guaranteed liberal receipts this week and hereafter during the season. Buyers of the bright leaf have promised to attend the sales here and to pay as high prices as elsewhere. On October 15 there will be a great sale of bright tobacco in Petersburg, and information thus far received indicates large sales. The merchants and business people of Petersburg have united in offering valuable prizes in goods and money to the planters receiving the highest prices in the several classes.

Big Sunday School Rally.

The Market Street Sunday school-room was reopened to-day after important and beautiful improvements. The occasion was made one of a big rally and very interesting exercises. The attendance was large. Bright addresses were delivered by William B. McIlwaine, of the Second Presbyterian Church, and R. Randolph Jones, of Tabb Street Church, which were responded to by E. S. Bowling, of the Market Street school. The exercises were continued through the hour of morning worship in the church, and a sermon specially appropriate to the occasion was preached by the pastor, the Rev. George H. Spooner.

A rally of the Sunday school of Grove Avenue Baptist Church was also held to-day with very interesting services and addresses. Grove Avenue Church and its Sunday school, though yet young, have shown rapid growth.

General News Notes.

G. W. Porter, a well-known farmer of Chesterfield County, celebrated his sixty-second birthday Friday.

County exhibits of canned goods, poultry, corn and other farm products will be held at Poole's Siding on September 27 in Dinwiddie and at the county courthouse on September 30. C. F. Farrar will speak at Poole's, and Miss Agnes Agnew at the courthouse.

ATTENDANCE WILL REACH 400.

Appomattox Agricultural High School Opens With Bright Prospects.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Appomattox, Va., September 21.—The Appomattox Agricultural High School opened last week with the largest enrollment in its history, more than 275 pupils being present, and on October 1, five rural wagons will commence bringing children to this school, running the attendance up to 400 pupils. The faculty, which is one of the strongest the school has ever had, is composed of experienced teachers, and the majority are college and university trained. This year a special teacher of singing has been engaged, and her salary will be paid by the patrons of the school.

At a meeting held recently in Lynchburg, representatives of Appomattox, Campbell, Bedford and Amherst and of the Chamber of Commerce were present, and steps were taken looking forward to an increased appropriation not only for the agricultural school here, but also for the one at Bedford. It was agreed that the schools should receive at least $5,000 annually so that they could meet the urgent demands made upon them not only by increase in attendance, but also to equip the farms with live stock and make the schools more efficient for the farmers' boys and girls.

There have been fine seasons in this county for sowing grass. Gentle rains and warm weather have enabled many of the farmers to run large acreage in grass and now a good stand is assured.

Quite a number of the high school graduates and young people left this week for schools and colleges.

Joel Flood, who was awarded the Washington and Lee scholarship from the Appomattox Agricultural School, and Jerry Burke left for Washington and Lee University. Dan Moses, a recent graduate of the Appomattox Agricultural School, leaves soon to accept his appointment at Annapolis, awarded him by Congressman H. D. Flood. Walter Durham and Willie Walton will go to Richmond College; Misses Ola Sears, Susie Hancock, Eleanor Abbitt, to the State Normal; Misses Willie Smith, Grace Hancock, Ethel and Ola Abbitt, to Richmond, where they will teach a little distance from the city.

INJURED CHILD IMPROVING.

Five-Year-Old Boy Kicked by Horse and Several Teeth Knocked Out.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Amherst, Va., September 21.—Walter Gregory, the five-year-old son of W. F. Gregory, who was kicked by a horse and badly hurt several days ago, is improving. The child's face was skinned and several of his teeth were knocked out.

The apple growers of this county are busy making arrangements to gather this year's fruit crop. In most sections the yield will not be as satisfactory as in previous years, but the quality of the fruit is said to be above the average.

Prof. W. D. Cox has gone to Remington, where he will be principal of the high school for the coming session. His family will leave to-morrow to spend the winter with him there.